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# *The Pathfinder*

FEBRUARY, 1911

Poems of  
Lionel Johnson



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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r.*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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*All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.*

# VOLUME FIVE

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The PATHFINDER resumes publication after an interval of six months. Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., one of the younger poets of achievement as well as promise, will be associated editorially.

The spirit and purpose of the little journal will remain the same. We hope that it will continue to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciation of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.



Early numbers of Volume Five will be given, in part, to an appreciation, with selections from the work, of some of our recent writers.

The March number will be devoted largely to William Sharp.



# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. V]

FEBRUARY, 1911

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[No. 2

## *ON LIONEL JOHNSON'S COPY OF WALTER PATER'S "GASTON DE LATOUR"*

*Scriptori amico meo da pacem Domine*

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Here do I seem to reach you two, indeed,  
Across that dark where only silence falls —  
See through your eyes the distant City Walls,  
And know you safe beyond all thought of need;  
So near you are, with this white page to lead  
Into the darkness where a still voice calls,  
Voice that you heard from out the gleaming halls,  
Song, through all sorrow, God's own golden meed.

Prophet and Poet — you of whitened ways!  
Vanished your presence, yet you give to me  
Promise of life when time and death shall cease;  
Sweet ministers throughout my troubled days,  
Proof of my hope, and what at last shall be, —  
White souls, wrapped round in everlasting peace!

*THE POETRY OF LIONEL JOHNSON**"Misit angelum suum."**By* EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Blessed are the pure in heart! Lionel Johnson, a happy child of nature who loved beauty, chanced upon heaven and the stars one night, and thenceforward he served in calm the tabernacle all his days. He is the poet of pontifical serenity self-consecrate at the altar of God, a patient man who sees the vision whole and undefiled. Two gifts were bestowed on him: the gift of song and the gift of silence, and both he bathed in the light of purity.

Many have the gift of song: few have the gift of silence: very few can join both in the serenity of an inward law. Yet in the austere poetry of Lionel Johnson, Truth stands forth a priestess clothed in simple robes,—the minister of dream, if you like, but only of the dream in the heart of beauty. There reposed in him, concealed most subtly, a soul of crystal in a heart of flame, and gazing into its depths he saw the stars. In him old voices called and beguiled his soul into a calm of still and timeless dream.

So the image of sleep is omnipresent in his

poetry, though clad in many a garment. Consecrated stillness under the slumbering starlight, or the calm face smiling in the stillness of happy slumber: whatever the form, the image is the same. Oftener the mood is sad, and then dream partakes of death. The same calm sleeping face reposes in beauty, but over it lies the sod, with the winds keening softly a lament. When the theme is not death, but life, half-slumbering harmonies awake, as the still and chilly starlight wanes before the dawn. But oftener we have simply silence broken only by the sob of the wave. Under the stars is nought save the night-air and the dream.

Purity has found no poet more passionate. It is the virtue of Lionel Johnson's soul to reflect the white flame in simple beauty, wherein faith would seem to draw from above compassion on humility. The spiritual quality of the man is reticent. It is willing to forebear, and loves to dwell in a past that holds associations. Though shy, the gift of friendship must have been great, and he must have drawn many to him by the contagion of his enthusiasms. To Ireland and to Winchester he kept the unswerving allegiance of an adopted child, and in his poetry these two are wedded.



But though he loved these much, one feels most keenly in his poetry that intimacy with God which only a child can possess, and which guides his steps lovingly on the path of beauty. This serenity, born of consecration, did not blind his eyes to the tears of things. Indeed, no English poet ever beheld life with more poignant realization. This accounts for his sympathy with Thomas Hardy, a sympathy which expressed itself in a masterpiece of English literary criticism. Apart from this critical study of Hardy, he published in the English reviews many critical articles, a selection of which have been gathered, and are announced for early publication.

The facts of his life are simple. Born in 1867 of Anglo-Welsh parentage, he was educated at Winchester and Oxford, came up to London, and lived a simple, quiet life in which there was much sadness, published two volumes of poems, and the critical work already mentioned, and died before his full maturity in 1902. A biography, with a selection from his letters will soon appear, and the full service due to his memory will be tardily completed upon the publication of his collected poems.



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*POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON\**

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*TO THE DEAD OF '98*

God rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead!

Peace be upon you shed,

Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified,

You, who for Ireland died!

Soft fall on you the dews and gentle airs

Of interceding prayers,

From lowly cabins of our ancient land,

Yours yet, O Sacred Band!

God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought

Was his; the end you sought,

His; from His altar fires you took the flame

Hailing His Holy Name.

Triumphantly you gave yourselves to death:

And your last breath

Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh to Him,

As the loved land grew dim.

And still, blessed and martyr souls! you pray

In the same faith this day:

From forth your dwelling beyond sun and star,

Where only spirits are,

Your prayers in a perpetual flight arise,

To fold before God's Eyes

Their tireless wings, and wait the Holy Word

That one day shall be heard.

*Not unto us, they plead, Thy goodness gave*

*Our mother to unslave;*

---

\* Selected from his volumes, *Poems* and *Ireland*; and reprinted with kind permission of the publisher and owner of the copyright, Mr. Elkin Mathews, London.

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*To us Thou gavest death for love of her:  
Ah, what death lovelier?  
But to our children's children give to see  
The perfect victory!  
Thy dead beseech Thee: to Thy living give  
In liberty to live!*

---

### *THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE*

I know you: solitary griefs,  
Desolate passions, aching hours!  
I know you: tremulous beliefs,  
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;  
The starry spaces full of fear:  
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,  
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

---

### *A FRIEND*

All, that he came to give,  
He gave and went again:  
I have seen one man live,  
I have seen one man reign,  
With all the graces in his train.

As one of us, he wrought  
Things of the common hour :  
Whence was the charmed soul brought,  
That gave each act such power ;  
The natural beauty of a flower ?

Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy :  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory :  
Whence came all these, to such as he ?

Like young Shakespearean kings,  
He won the adoring throng :  
And as Apollo sings,  
He triumphed with a song :  
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.

With a light word, he took  
The hearts of men in thrall :  
And, with a golden look,  
Welcomed them, at his call  
Giving their love, their strength, their all.

No man less proud than he,  
Nor cared for homage less :  
Only, he could not be  
Far off from happiness :  
Nature was bound to his success.

Weary, the cares, the jars,  
The lets, of every day :  
But the heavens filled with stars,  
Chanced he upon the way :  
And where he stayed, all joy would stay.

---

Now when the night draws down,  
 When the austere stars burn ;  
 Roaming the vast live town,  
 My thoughts and memories yearn  
 Toward him, who never will return.

Yet have I seen him live,  
 And owned my friend, a king :  
 All that he came to give,  
 He gave and I, who sing  
 His praise, bring all I have to bring.

---

*DE PROFUNDIS*

Would, that with you I were imparadised,  
 White Angels around Christ !  
 That, by the borders of the eternal sea  
 Singing, I too might be :  
 Where dewy green the palm trees on the strand,  
 Your gentle shelter, stand :  
 Where reigns the Victor Victim, and His Eyes  
 Control eternities !  
 Immortally your music flows in sweet  
 Stream round the Wounded Feet ;  
 And rises to the Wounded Hands ; and then  
 Springs to the Home of Men,  
 The Wounded Heart : and there in flooding praise  
 Circles, and sings, and stays.  
 My broken music wanders in the night,  
 Faints and finds no delight :  
 White Angels take of it one piteous tone,  
 And mix it with your own !  
 Then, as He feels your chaunting flow less clear,  
 He will but say : *I hear*



---

*The sorrow of my child on earth !* and send  
Some fair, celestial friend,  
One of yourselves, to help me ; and you will  
Choirs of the Holy Hill,  
Help me, who walk in darkness, far away  
From your enduring day ;  
Who have the wilderness for home, till morn  
Break, and my day be born ;  
And on the Mount of Myrrh burn golden white  
Light from the Light of Light.

---

*THE DARK ANGEL*

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust  
To rid the world of penitence :  
Malicious Angel, who still dost  
My soul such subtile violence !

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,  
Abides for me undesecrate ;  
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,  
Who never reachest me too late !

When music sounds, then changest thou  
Its silvery to a sultry fire :  
Nor will thine envious heart allow  
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn  
To Furies, O mine Enemy !  
And all the things of beauty burn  
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams  
Becomes a gathering place of fears :

Until tormented slumber seems  
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,  
Or ripples down the dancing sea :  
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,  
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,  
Within the winter silences :  
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,  
O Master of impieties !

The ardor of red flame is thine,  
And thine the steely soul of ice :  
Thou poisonest the fair design  
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright ;  
Waters of bitterness, how sweet  
O banquet of a foul delight,  
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete !

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,  
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh  
Thou art the adorer of my tomb,  
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name !  
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith :  
Tempter ! should I escape thy flame,  
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death :

The second Death, that never dies,  
That cannot die, when time is dead :  
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,  
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!  
 Of two defeats, of two despairs:  
 Less dread, a change to drifting dust,  
 Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,  
 Dark Angel! triumph over me:  
*Lonely, unto the Lone I go;*  
*Divine to the Divinity.*

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NOTE.—Mr. Elkin Mathews has made arrangements to issue, at short intervals, a Collected Edition of the *Poetical Works, Critical Studies* and *Correspondence* of the late Lionel Johnson, together with a *Memoir* of him.



LIONEL JOHNSON\*

1867-1902

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

. . . . Lionel Johnson's gallant thoroughness was applied not only to the department of literature. He had a loving heart, and laid upon himself the burden of many gratitudes. To Winchester, his old school, and Oxford, his university (in both of which he covered himself, as it happened, with honors), he was a bounden knight. The Catholic Church, to which he felt an attraction from infancy, and which he entered soon after he came of age, could command his

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\*Reprinted paragraphs from Miss Guiney's essay, *Of Lionel Johnson*, which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1902.

whole zeal and furtherance, to the end. His faith was his treasure, and an abiding peace and compensation. The delicacy, nay, the sanctity of his character was the outcome of it; and when clouds did not impede his action, it so prevailed, guided, and adjusted his whole attitude toward life (as Catholicism alone claims and intends to do), that his religiousness can hardly be spoken of, or examined, as a thing separate from himself. There was a seal upon him as of something priestly and monastic. His place, like his favorite Hawthorne's, should have been in a Benedictine scriptorium, far away, and long ago.

“Us the sad world rings around  
With passionate flames impure;  
We tread an impious ground;  
We hunger, and endure.”

So he sang in one of his best known numbers. Meanwhile, the saints, bright from their earthly battle, and especially the angels, and Heaven their commonweal, were always present to the imagination of this *anima naturaliter Christiana*. Again, his most conscious loyalty, with the glamour of mediæval chivalry upon it, was for Ireland. . . .

Next to the impersonal allegiances which had so much claim upon him was his feeling for his



friends. The boy Lionel had been the exceptional sort of boy who can discern a possible halo about a master or a tutor; and at Oxford, as at Winchester, he found men worth his homage. The very last poem he sent forth, only the other day, was a threnody for his dear and honored Walter Pater, honored and dear long after death, as during life. Like so much else from the same pen, it is of synthetic and illuminating beauty, and it ends with the tenderest of lyrical cries:

“Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me  
By miracle to see  
That unforgettably most gracious friend,  
In the never-ending end!” . . . .

The only other Englishman of letters so elfin-small and light was De Quincey. Few persons could readily be got to believe Lionel Johnson's actual age. With his smooth hair and cheek, he passed for a slim undergrown boy of sixteen; his light-footed marches in bygone summers, over the Welsh hills and the coasts of Dorset and Cornwall, were interrupted at every inn by the ubiquitous motherly landlady, expostulating with him for his supposed truancy. His extreme sense of humor forbade annoyance over the episode; rather was it not unwelcome to one

who had no hold on time, and was as elemental as foam or air. Yes, he lived and died young. It was not only simple country folk who missed in him the adult "note." And yet a certain quaint and courageous pensiveness of aspect and outlook; a hint of power in the fine brows, the sensitive hands, the gray eye so quick, and yet so chastened and incurious, could neither escape a true palæographer, nor be misconstrued by him. Lionel Johnson must have been at all times both a man and a child. At ten years old, or at the impossible sixty, he must equally have gone on, in a sort of beautiful vital stubbornness, being a unit, being himself. His manners, as well as his mental habits, lasted him throughout; from the first he was a sweet gentleman and a sound thinker. His earliest and his latest poems, in a kind altogether, and largely in degree, were of a piece. A paper produced at Winchester School, on Shakespeare's Fools, is as unmistakably his as his final review of Tennyson. To put it rather roughly, he had no discarded gods, and therefore no periods of growth. He was a crystal, a day-lily, shown without tedious processes. In his own phrase,—

"All that he came to give  
He gave, and went again."

He had a homeless genius: it lacked affinity with the planetary influences under which he found himself here, being as Sir Thomas Browne grandly says, "older than the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun." He seemed ever the same because he was so. Only intense natures have this continuity of look and mood.

With all his deference, his dominant compassion, his grasp of the spiritual and the unseen, his feet stood foursquare upon rock. He was a tower of wholesomeness in the decadence which his short life spanned. He was no pedant, and no prig. Hesitations are gracious when they are unaffected, but thanks are due for the one among gentler critics of the passing hour who cared little to "publish his wistfulness abroad," and was often as clear as any barbarian as to what he would adore, and what he would burn. He suffered indeed, but he won manifold golden comfort from the mercies of God, from human excellence, the arts, and the stretches of meadow, sky, and sea. Sky and sea! they were sacrament and symbol, meat and drink, to him. . . .

Surely, no pity need be wasted upon one who resolved himself into so glorious a harmony with all creation and with the mysteries of our mortal being. To be happy is a feat nothing less than

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heroic in our complex air. Snow-souled and fire-hearted, sentient and apprehensive, Lionel Johnson, after all and in spite of all, dared to be happy. As he never worried himself about awards, the question of his to-morrow's station and his measure of fame need not intrude upon a mere character-study. Memorable and exhilarating has been the ten years' spectacle of him in unexhausted free play, now with his harp, now with his blunted rapier, under the steady domination of a genius so wise and so ripe that one knows not where in living companies to look for its parallel. Well: may we soon get used to thinking of our dearest guild-fellow in a safer City, where no terror of defeat can touch him! "And he shall sing There according to the days of his youth, and according to the days of his going up out of the land of Egypt."



*RAPHAEL**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

Goethe sings of Euphorion, the radiant son of Faust and Helena, who combined the ideal beauty of the Greeks with the spiritual aspirations of the Middle Ages. Euphorion was no dream. He once trod the earth, and his name was Raphael.

He was the great idealist. Like the Greeks, he sought not to depict the individual, but the perfect type. His predecessors had contented themselves with portraying the men and women about them: Leonardo with almost supernatural insight; the others with less discernment. The Christian belief that the soul was immortal and destined to an eternity of bliss or pain had lent to the individual an importance never before possessed, and had made him, just as he was, with all his sins and virtues, the central figure of art. But with the re-discovery of antiquity a new element was introduced. The ancient statues that men were digging up were perfect in their proportions, and with few exceptions there sat upon their brows a noble serenity strangely at variance with the tortured

soul that was emerging from mediæval darkness. Men thought of reconciling the two, of wedding Greek perfection of form with Christian purity and fervor; but the man who was to effect the great reconciliation was slow to come. At last he was born upon an Umbrian hill-top, a youth with the face of an angel and a mind strangely receptive to external impressions. He saw all that was pure and beautiful in the Christian faith, and he loved it. He saw all that was beautiful and serene in the bright soul of Greece, and he loved that also. Into his wonderfully sympathetic mind the two elements did not come as conflicting forces, as into the minds of those about him. They mingled in harmonious union. The Greek ideal of beauty remained intact, but it was fused with a spirit of purity and faith that made it holy. The miracle was wrought. The pagan world was married to the Christian, and from their union sprang a new ideal containing the charms of both—a beauty neither too sensual nor too spiritual, but as pure as it is wholesome, which has become the standard of the modern world. This was Raphael's great gift to humanity, a gift whose importance can never be overestimated. He has given us an ideal of beauty in which the

physical and the spiritual elements are harmoniously combined to make a perfect whole. Like the Greeks, he was consistently an idealist, seeking always the perfect type instead of contenting himself with portraying the idiosyncracies of the individual; but that type is always as pure in spirit as it is in form.

Owing to the great popularity of his Madonnas, men are apt to think of Raphael as an effeminate artist; but nothing could be further from the truth. His men are as strong as his women are pure. The one picture of modern times that enables us most fully to realize the serene strength of the Greeks is his *School of Athens*. Indeed, Vasari says that Raphael succeeded best in depicting men, and that his women are not so good.

But while he was the great idealist of modern times, he was equally powerful in his hold upon the real. When he was making a picture of Madonna and Saints or of the Grecian gods, he was completely idealistic. He created the most beautiful type of which he was capable, using the model only as a guide, and freeing it of all its imperfections. But when he sat down to paint a portrait he was an entire realist—so realistic that at times he is cruel. The hard,

ambitious, dominating Julius II, the fat, pudgy, self-indulgent Leo X, the crafty Merchant Angelo Doni, could not be more remorselessly rendered. Valasques himself could not have been more unsparing. But Raphael's radiant soul preferred the realms of light; and save when he was constrained by the necessity of fidelity that portraiture demands, he trod the realms of ideal beauty.

He is not a great colorist, like the Venetians. His color is always agreeable and appropriate, but it does not delight the eye by its sensual charm. It is the purity of his lines, the grace and perfection of his forms, that constitute his highest claim to technical excellence. He paints, too, with infinite care and patience, so that no trace of the brush remains, no record of how the marvel was produced.

He excels all painters, even Giotto, in the art of telling a story. It is no easy thing to tell a story well in paint, neither encumbering it with irrelevant details nor leaving it bare and devoid of interest. Raphael always tells his story faultlessly, putting in enough to make it interesting and not enough to render it confused. He is therefore justly adjudged to excel all his rivals in the art of composition, the difficult art



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of composing, not on a flat surface with all the figures in substantially the same plane, but in the depths of space, as nature composes.

With the growth of the realistic spirit, which prefers the ugly to the beautiful, the commonplace to the exalted, there has of late been a reaction against Raphael, and there are many who would drag him down from preëminence, But it is safe to say that their efforts will be in vain. The soul of man continually aspires to ascend, though at times it loves to wallow in the mire. It is this upward tendency of the soul that has pulled us up through the ferocity of the cave-dwellers, the sensualism of antiquity, the fanaticism and cruelty of the Middle Ages to the light of our modern day. There is no reason to believe that this impulse will ever die out in the human heart; and as long as man loves the beautiful and the good, the artist who combined them as no one else has ever done will be secure upon his golden throne.

## Recent Publications

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RANDALL PARRISH.—*Keith of the Border*. A novel that fails to rank with the author's *The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel* through an excess of the melodramatic. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1910.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.—*The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen*. A homely tale, a little haunting glimpse into the village that the author has made her own. With decorations. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.—*Folk Tales*. The editor's selection in the *Every Child Should Know* books is an exceedingly happy one and cannot fail to awaken a love for literature in the child mind. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1910.

ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.—*Mark Enderby, Engineer*. A realistic tale of railroading in the Southwest. Now and then the book has a situation of intense interest; as fiction, however, it is not strong. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1910.

EMERSON HOUGH.—*The Singing Mouse Stories*. Nothing can be more delightful after its kind than the sweet and wistful charm, the mellow old-fashionedness of these little reveries. With appropriate decorations by Mayo Bunker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.—*Molière: His Life and His Works*. With portraits. While this book may disappoint in that it adds little to our immediate knowledge of the man himself, it is, on the other hand, a most brilliant treatment of Molière, the actor-playwright, his plays and his *milieu*. Professor Matthews is singularly well prepared for this, and has given us innumerable telling criticisms that will endure. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910.

CHARLES S. OLCOTT.—*George Eliot: Scenes and People in Her Novels*. The angle at which the author sees this strangely gifted woman in relation to her environment, is unusual and extremely interesting. The narrative, profusely illustrated, invites the immediate re-reading of her works. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1910.

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.—*The Spaniard at Home*. A sympathetic and intensely interesting account of the manners and customs of the Spanish people, of their home and public life, of the Spaniard at play and at work. A simple, vivid narrative that has the distinct note of romance. Few books of this kind give so intimate a portrayal. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1910.

L. B. WALFORD.—*Recollections of a Scottish Novelist*. The author reveals in these chapters of prosaic, every-day happenings, the graphic power of her own popular novel, *Mr. Smith*, which was hailed in the *St. James Gazette* by Coventry Patmore as the peer of Mr. Hardy's work. The book will be of interest to American readers through the occasional reference to well-known Americans. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1910.

JOHN D. FITZ-GERALD.—*Rambles in Spain*. A richly illustrated and trustworthy travel book that has grown out of a series of letters written by the author during two visits to this land of romance. The chapter on the *Country and the People* is a careful and compact treatment from the best sources. In manner the book is didactic but never heavy, and adds distinctly to our knowledge of the country. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1910.

One Dollar a year

Ten Cents a copy

# *The Pathfinder*

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r*

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A monthly magazine *in little* devoted  
to Art and Literature

THE PATHFINDER is typographically exquisite, in contents arresting, and in the sustained editorial power displayed in each page more than we poor Americans have been quite accustomed to now or previously.—ALEXANDER HARVEY, Associate Editor *Current Literature*.

THE PATHFINDER commences its fifth volume with the January (1911) number. Volume One is now out of print; occasionally a copy is offered for sale at five dollars. A limited number of Volume Two is still obtainable at three dollars. The subscription price of Volume Three or Volume Four complete, is two dollars. Subscriptions are taken for complete volumes only.

Address all communications to the Editor.

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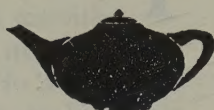
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IT IS important, therefore, to hold fast to this; that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question: How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion; they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day; they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers; they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them; in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.